

## CHARIVARIA.

THE lesson of the Coal Strike:—You can fuel all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but it is impossible to fuel all the people all the time.

DR. RUDOLPH DIESEL declares that there is enough oil in the world to supply all requirements. A small boy who is dosed every morning with cod-liver oil confirms this, and would like to see it more evenly distributed.

It is really scarcely fair to say that most people have failed to think of the interests of the nation during the Coal Strike. Every nerve was strained, and help came from all quarters, to prevent the Grand National being abandoned.

The Suffragettes' taunt that the Government only dares lay hands on women has now been answered. A Mann has been arrested.

The officials who are enrolling names for the City of London Police Reserve hope to raise five companies of a hundred men each from the newspaper offices of the Fleet Street quarter. We should have thought this policy rather risky. Will there not be some danger, if the men should be called out, that a natural desire to make news might lead them to incite a little fighting?

"The Opposition Housing Bill," says *The Observer*, "is a practical effort to remedy defects in existing housing legislation." But surely the Upper Chamber still houses the Opposition?

MR. ALLAN, the Englishman who was arrested in Germany last month as a spy, has, we are informed, been released, the authorities having been unable to prove anything against him. One would have thought it possible to obtain his birth certificate, and thus prove him to be an Englishman.

Upon the leader of a gang of bandits being sentenced to a term of imprison-

ment the other day at Hillsville, Virginia, U.S.A., his colleagues killed the judge, the public prosecutor, and the sheriff, and wounded nine jurors, the clerk of the court, and three spectators. It is supposed that they were dissatisfied with the verdict.

One of the new regulations drafted by the French Boxing Federation, at the request of the Prefect of Police, is to the effect that no boxers under 21 years of age are to be allowed to enter the ring without the written consent of their parents. It is now pointed out that orphans will find themselves in an unfair predicament, and it is proposed

A new cure for baldness is announced. A Budapest professor has discovered a means of fixing, by means of small hooks of gold wire, any number of hairs in the scalp. This opens up the possibility of landscape-gardening on one's head, for variegated colours could of course be used, and beds and winding paths and other pretty fancies could easily be arranged.

"The outlook for the Newfoundland seal fishery is unfavourable," says *The Daily Mail*. "The whole fleet has missed the main seal herd." We are able to amplify this statement. According to our information the main seal herd experienced the greatest difficulty in not revealing its hiding-place by roaring with laughter when the fleet had sailed by.

Firemen in San Francisco have been ordered to do a twelve-mile walk once a week to check a tendency to corpulence. The effect of fat on a fire is well known, and the regulation seems a wise one.

Mlle. JEANNE Provost has been chatting to a representative of *Le Journal* about her meeting with the KAISER at the French Embassy in Berlin. "He re-

cited to me," she reports, "Rostand's 'Hymn to the Sun,' and said what a pity it could not be translated into the German language." In view of the anxiety of the Germans to have a place in the sun, it certainly does seem rather regrettable.

"Wanted, Beer Cooler—old but sound for garden—also one day's services; good professional rat-catcher."

Adet. in "*Hereford Times*."

Q. Where is the old but sound rat-catcher?

A. He is cooling beer in the garden.

From a public-school entrance examination:—

Translate:—Avez-vous mangé la pomme entière?—Non, j'en ai donné la moitié à Jean.

Answer (by Tommy, who has a small brother at home).—Have you eaten all the apple?—No, I have given the core to John.



## LONDON BY NIGHT.

(Scenes the photographer could not give you.)

TREE POACHING IN REGENT'S PARK DURING THE COAL STRIKE.

that in their case the consent of their nurse shall be a sufficient substitute.

"While a hydroplanist stays in the water he is not within the jurisdiction of the Home Office," Mr. ELLIS GRIFFITH informed a deputation which came to London to protest to the Home Office against hydroplaning on Lake Windermere; "you will have to look to the Board of Trade." How the deputation could have made such a stupid mistake passes our comprehension.

Instead of being sold by auction with the other animals recently appearing in *The Miracle*, the smallest donkey was purchased by a lady, who intends to let it romp at will in the fields. Upon learning its good fortune the little beast is said to have remarked, "Miracles will never cease!"

## CHARADES.

(Communicated by a Charader.)

WE have had a good many "joyments and joicings" lately. That's what John calls them, and he ought to know, because he's generally in the middle of them all the time. He's not very old yet, but he knows a good deal of the alphabet, and he always makes more noise than all the rest of us when he's excited. Dad calls him the steam-roller.

Well, first of all, Mr. Bennett came down. We thought all Members of Parliament had grey hair or bald heads and were rather fat, but Mr. Bennett has got nice, smooth, fair hair and pink cheeks, and he's just like a boy. Before he had been here an hour we made the Fire-fly League. I am President, and Rosie is Secretary, and Peggy is the Messenger. We've got lots of rules, and there's going to be some Fire-fly note-paper, and all our meetings are to be solemn and secret. John's an honorary member: he may attend meetings, but he can't vote. Dad and Mum are not members yet, but they have "the right to pay subscriptions (one shilling) pending good behaviour." That's Rule 24. There was a lot of discussion about Dad and Mum. John said Mum must be a member, and Peggy wanted Dad, but Rosie and I voted against them, because, if they were members, there wouldn't be anybody to keep secrets from. If Dad talks about the League now, we all say "Hush!" and put our fingers on our lips; and the same with Mum. That's half the fun of it.

A little later on the same day Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers came down to stay with us. He's Scotch, and takes salt with his porridge. He did something for Cambridge a good many years ago before we were born, but he's married now, and his wife's name is Muriel. John calls her Moorel. He's fallen in love with her because she reads to him. We like her very much too.

After tea it was raining a little, but we hadn't got to go out again because Dad had taken all the dogs out and some of us had been sneezing, so Mum said we were to stay indoors, and if we kept very quiet we could sit in the Library and not disturb the grown-ups. We began by being very quiet, but it didn't last long. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Chalmers got talking about politics, and Mum put in a word, and then Dad had to say something, and then somebody said, "Bother politics; let's have some charades," and we all yelled for joy and danced about the room, because, when we're by ourselves, charades are no fun at all, but when the grown-ups join in they're splendid. Grown-ups do all the nice silly things that children would like to do but mustn't, and Dad's generally the worst of the lot.

The first word was "Champagne." Mr. Chalmers and Moorel and John and Mr. Bennett stayed to do the guessing, and the rest of us went out. In the first syllable it was in the morning, and I was the mother of the family, and Mum was the old Nurse, and Rosie and Peggy were my daughters, and Dad was my only son, and it was to be his first day at school. He said, was he to creep like a snail unwillingly to school, but Mum said, No, he was to pretend to have a tooth-ache so as not to have to go to school. That was to be the sham part of it; so we all went back into the room, except Mum and Dad, and we began talking about what a beautiful place school was, and how we hoped that Adolphus (Dad) would be a good boy and learn his lessons, so that he could support his mother (me) in my old age. Then Dad came in leaning on the Nurse (Mum) and howling like anything. He'd got a bath-towel wrapped round his head, and both his cheeks were swollen out, and he said he'd just got the most awful toothache. It was in two of his favourite molars, he said, and he was afraid it was quite impossible for him to face the terrors and the dangers of school life

with such a tooth-ache. He said he couldn't do credit to his dear mother (me) like that, and people would say, "This boy has not been well brought up; what can his mother have been thinking about?" So he was going to stay at home. Then Nurse said that Master Adolphus was a tender plant, and when tender plants had pain they had it worse than anyone else. But I said, "Adolphus, why does the swelling go down when you talk? Real swellings stay there all the time;" and I tore the towel from his head, and Dad put out his tongue at me and said, "Yah." So I said, "Sir, you are a sham;" and ordered him to be flogged by the Nurse; and that was the end of the first syllable. Mr. Chalmers said it brought back his young days very vividly, and he had always thought school was a great mistake.

The second syllable was splendid. Dad was a shopkeeper in Bond Street, and we were the shop-girls, and Mum was a Suffragette. First we dressed out all kinds of things on the sofa in front of the glass door, and Mum came along with a hammer and smashed the glass. Of course she didn't really smash it, but Dad seized her and rolled her over on the sofa, and Peggy trundled a footstool at her, because she is very much against Suffragettes. Then somebody told John what it was all about, because he was looking anxious about Mum, and John cried out, "Votes for cakes! Don't hit her, or only a little hit, because I want her to read to me;" and Dad said it was his best window-pane, and he was a ruined man.

In the whole word we all dined in a restaurant, and Dad was a French waiter and gave us all champagne. The others guessed it pretty quick, which shows how clever they must be. We had lots of other words. Dad said some of them were funny without being refined, but I haven't time to write any more. Only we all enjoyed ourselves immensely, and didn't go to bed till half-past eight.

## NERVOUS NATIVES.

THIS fact which science tells us, that an oyster really feels

When threatened by the snap of human jaws,  
That its little nerves are throbbing and its frigid blood  
congeals,

May fairly give a bivalve lover pause.  
Though a generous *bon-vivant*, I hate inflicting pain,  
My taste I trust is not entirely selfish,  
So it's up to me, or rather to my conscience, to refrain  
From stimulating shudders in a shellfish.

The future, I admit it, looks a trifle blank ahead,  
Oershadowing my cravings like a cloister,  
For when I see my lunch of stout and bread-and-butter  
spread,

I shall have to say, "No, thank you," to the oyster.  
Yet stay! A welcome postscript to the scientist's report  
Relieves the gloom and routs my moody cholers;  
No oyster could desire, it says, a death so sweet and short  
As that bestowed in mercy by our molars.

Once more the prospect brightens—the sun comes peeping  
through,

The mid-day hour with appetite is spiced;  
In kindly tones I order half-a-pint of darker brew,  
And life, the staff of, brown and thinly sliced.  
Then, with a dozen natives, all as juicy as a peach  
And glowing with their sense of obligation,  
I'll lose no time in practising what men of science preach,  
The task of philanthropic mastication.

"Watch a stick whittler and you will be able to tell whether he is  
civilised or savage. A civilised man cuts outward from himself, whereas  
a savage whittler will cut towards himself."—*Daily Chronicle*.

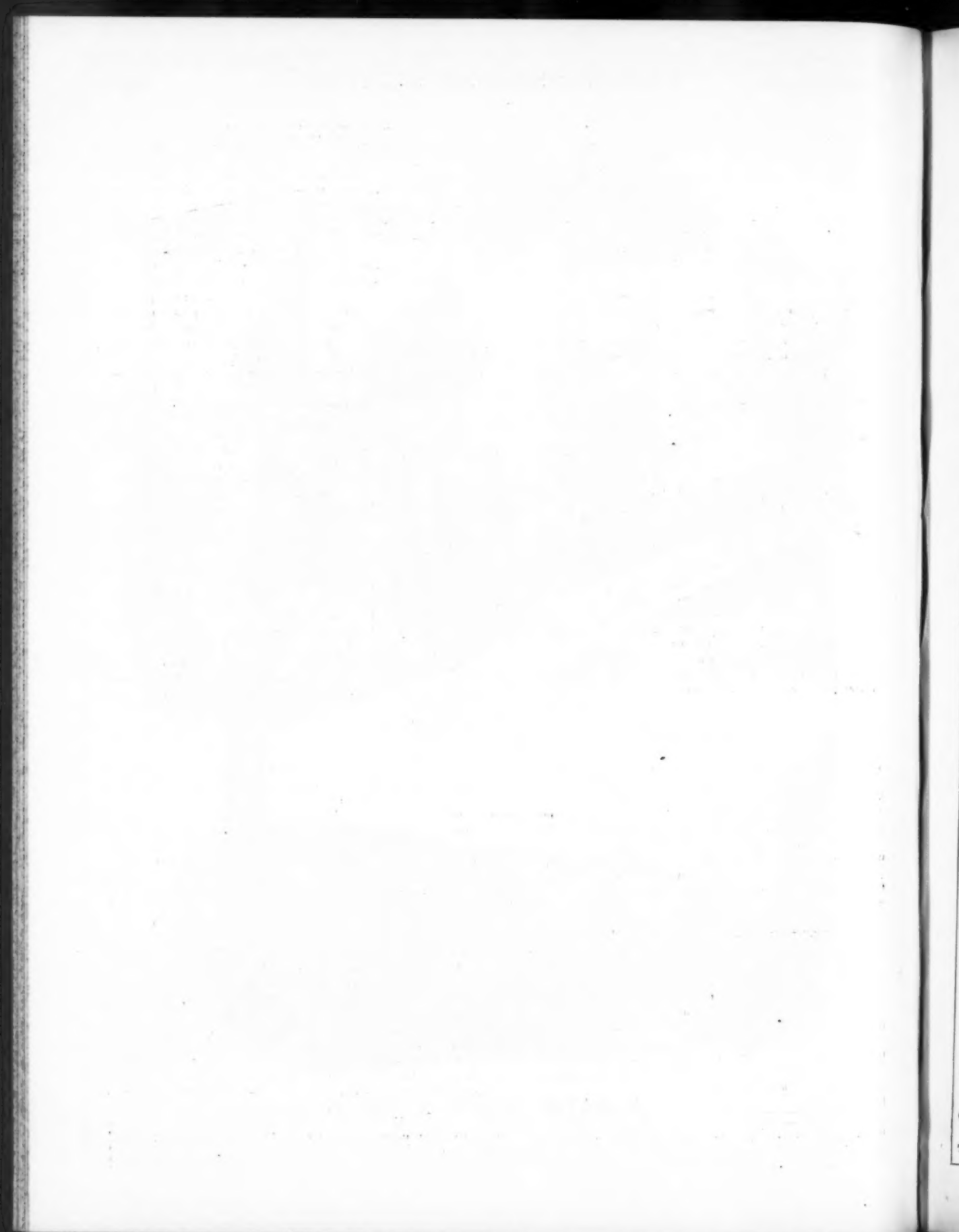
We always employ the test now before asking a man to dinner.

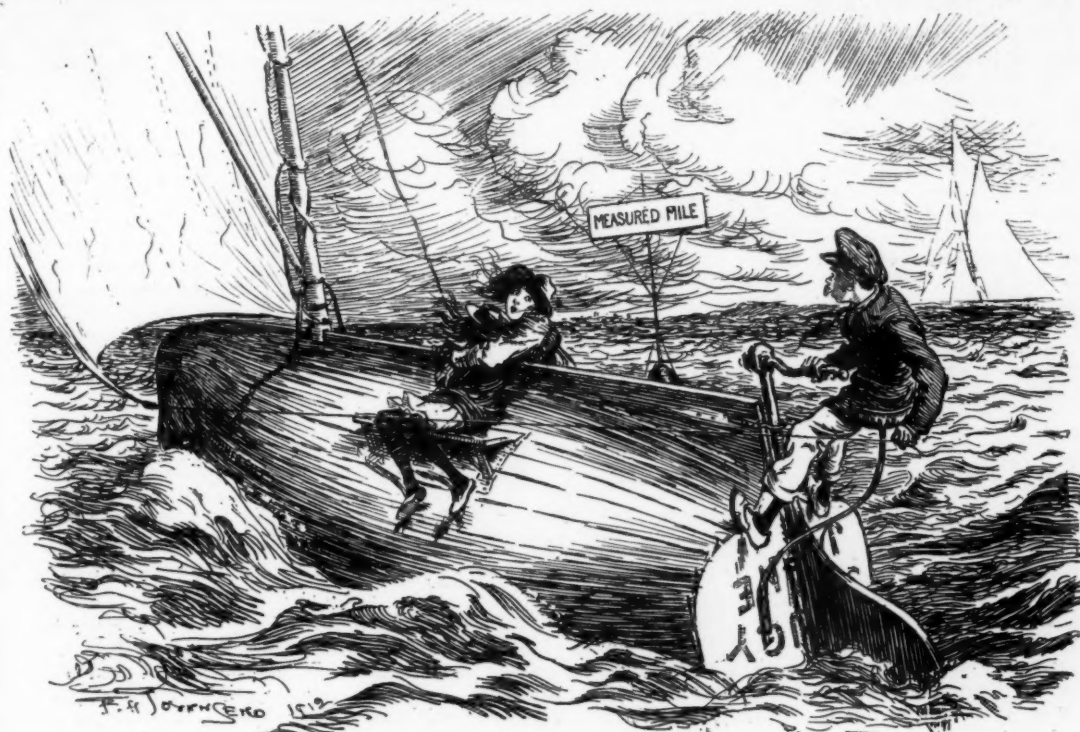


### A LADY WITH A PAST.

LONDON (in her new Museum at Kensington Palace). "BLESS MY SOUL, WHAT A LIFE I HAVE LED!"







### THE TRIAL RUN.

SALTIE, OUR LOCAL AMATEUR NAVAL ARCHITECT, NOTICING THAT CAPSIZED BOATS ARE INVARIABLY FOUND FLOATING UPSIDE DOWN, HAS CONSTRUCTED THE "SALTREE NON-CAPSIZABLE" PLEASURE-BOAT ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT, BEING ALREADY UPSIDE DOWN, IT CANNOT CAPSIZE.

### THE LONDON MUSEUM.

THAT the collection of articles illustrating the history of London, just opened so successfully at Kensington Palace, is representative and of fascinating interest every one agrees; but *Mr. Punch* would fail in his duty to the public if he refrained from pointing out that there are some very serious omissions. What are we to say of the curator of what purports to be a comprehensive London museum who offers for view not one of the essentially Londonian curiosities in the following list?—

The first H dropped by the first Cockney.

A Roman dog muzzle found in the Thames at Barking.

A mastodon's tooth, much decayed, dug up in Long Acre.

Facsimile of cheque for £50, being the ordinary tip to a lunch waiter at the Automobile Club.

THOMAS STOW'S umbrella.

Jig-saw puzzle made by GRINLING GIBBONS.

A case containing DICK WHITTINGTON'S cat, stuffed.

A silver tankard made of 3,000 three-penny bits saved by not going up the Monument 3,000 times.

Gold button torn from the uniform of a Coldstream Guardsman when engaged in dispersing mob of the great unwashed in Cold Bath Fields.

A series of placards bearing facetious or opprobrious legends, as used in the Stock Exchange to affix to members' backs.

Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN'S pocket camera.

An old print of GUY FAWKES laying the foundation stone of Guy's Hospital. Magog's skull, when a boy.

Album of Confessions belonging to EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

A gold paving-stone from Threadneedle Street.

Specimen of blotting-paper for public use from any London post-office, 1912.

A chained pencil with practical-joke lead, from the same place.

A slice of mutton preserved in spirits offered to the Head Bee-feater of the Tower by the Merry Monarch, but refused.

Fossilised new-laid Roman egg dis-

covered during excavations in the Poultry.

A match used in setting the Thames on fire.

A Fleet Street post touched by Dr. JOHNSON, with his thumb-mark still on it.

Collection of knockers wrenched from doors in Piccadilly by Lord WINTERTON.

First fountain pen bought by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR in his invasion of London in the "seventies."

A pair of opera-glasses as used at SHAKESPEARE'S theatre on Bankside.

Collection (very rare) of truthful placards of evening newspapers (1912).

A minute (but sufficient) fragment of London Stone found in a piece of sultana cake in a tea-shop in Cannon Street.

Brush used by CHARLES JAMES FOX.

A series of bottles containing samples of London fog of all the best vintages, from the first downward.

Skeleton of last passenger asphyxiated at Portland Road Station on the old Underground.

One of Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT'S tall hats.

Beau Bell's trouser-press.

## AN INLAND VOYAGE.

THOMAS took a day off last Monday in order to play golf with me. For that day the Admiralty had to get along without Thomas. I tremble to think what would have happened if war had broken out on Monday. Could a Thomasless Admiralty have coped with it? I trow not. Even as it was, battleships grounded, crews mutinied, and several awkward questions in the House of Commons had to be postponed till Tuesday.

Something—some premonition of this, no doubt—seemed to be weighing on him all day.

"Rotten weather," he growled, as he came up the steps of the club.

"I'm very sorry," I said. "I keep on complaining to the secretary about it. He does his best."

"What's that?"

"He taps the barometer every morning, and says it will clear up in the afternoon. Shall we go out now, or shall we give it a chance to stop?"

Thomas looked at the rain and decided to let it stop. I made him as comfortable as I could. I gave him a drink, a cigarette, and *Mistakes with the Mashie*. On the table at his elbow I had in reserve *Faulty Play with the Brassy* and a West Middlesex Directory. For myself I wandered about restlessly, pausing now and again to read enviously a notice which said that C. D. Topping's handicap was reduced from 24 to 22. Lucky man!

At about half-past eleven the rain stopped for a moment, and we hurried out.

"The course is a little wet," I said apologetically, as we stood on the first tee, "but with your naval experience you won't mind that. By-the-way, I ought to warn you that this isn't all casual water. Some of it is river."

"How do you know which is which?"

"You'll soon find out. The river is so much deeper. Go on—your drive."

Thomas won the first hole very easily. We both took four to the green, Thomas in addition having five splashes of mud on his face while I only had three. Unfortunately the immediate neighbourhood of the hole was under water. Thomas, the bounder, had a small heavy ball which he managed to sink in nine. My own, being lighter, refused to go into the tin at all, and floated above the hole in the most exasperating way.

"I expect there's a rule about it," I said, "if we only knew, which gives me the match. However, until we find that out, I suppose you must call yourself one up."

"I shall want some dry socks for

lunch," he muttered, as he splashed off to the tee.

"Anything you want for lunch you can have, my dear Thomas. I promise you that you shall not be stinted. The next green is below sea level altogether, I'm afraid. The first in the water wins."

Honours, it turned out, were divided. I lost the hole, and Thomas lost his ball. The third tee having disappeared we moved on to the fourth.

"There's rather a nasty place along here," I said. "The secretary was sucked in the other day, and only rescued by the hair."

Thomas drove a good one. I topped mine badly, and it settled down in the mud fifty yards off. "Excuse me," I shouted as I ran quickly after it, and I got my niblick on to it just as it was disappearing. It was a very close thing.

"Well," said Thomas, as he reached his ball, "that's not what I call a brassy lie."

"It's what we call a corkscrew lie down here," I explained. "If you haven't got a corkscrew, you'd better dig round it with something, and then when the position is thoroughly undetermined— Oh, good shot!"

Thomas had got out of the fairway in one, but he still seemed unhappy.

"My eye," he said, bending down in agony; "I've got about half Middlesex in it."

He walked round in circles saying strange nautical things, and my suggestions that he should (1) rub the other eye and (2) blow his nose suddenly were received ungenerously.

"Anything you'd like me to do with my ears?" he asked bitterly. "If you'd come and take some mud out for me, instead of talking rot——"

I approached with my handkerchief and examined the eye carefully.

"See anything?" asked Thomas.

"My dear Thomas, it's full of turf. We mustn't forget to replace this if we can get it out. What the secretary would say— There! How's that?"

"Worse than ever."

"Try not to think about it. Keep the other eye on the ball as much as possible. This is my hole, by the way. Your ball is lost."

"How do you know?"

"I saw it losing itself. It went into the bad place I told you about. It's gone to join the secretary. Oh, no, we got him out, of course; I keep forgetting. Anyhow, it's my hole."

"I think I shall turn my trousers up again," said Thomas, bending down to do so. "Is there a local rule about it?"

"No; it is left entirely to the discretion and good taste of the members.

Naturally a little extra licence is allowed on a very muddy day. Of course, if— Oh, I see. You meant a local rule about losing your ball in the mud? No, I don't know of one. Be a sportsman, Thomas, and don't begrudge me the hole."

The game proceeded, and we reached the twelfth tee without any further *contretemps*; save that I accidentally lost the sixth, ninth and tenth holes, and that Thomas lost his mashie at the eighth. He had carelessly laid it down for a moment while he got out of a hole with his niblick, and when he turned round for it the thing was gone.

At the twelfth tee it was raining harder than ever. We pounded along with our coat-collars up and reached the green absolutely wet through.

"How about it?" said Thomas.

"My hole, I think; and that makes us all square."

"I mean how about the rain? And it's just one o'clock."

"Just as you like. Well, I suppose it is rather wet. All right, let's have lunch."

We had lunch. Thomas had it in the only dry things he had brought with him—an ulster and a pair of Vardon cuffs, and sat as near the fire as possible. It was still raining in torrents after lunch, and Thomas, who is not what I call keen about golf, preferred to remain before the fire. Perhaps he was right. I raked up an old copy of *Stumers with the Niblick* for him, and read bits of the Telephone Directory out aloud.

After tea his proper clothes were dry enough in places to put on, and as it was still raining hard, and he seemed disinclined to come out again, I ordered a cab for us both.

"It's really rotten luck," said Thomas, as we prepared to leave, "that on the one day when I take a holiday, it should be so beastly."

"Beastly, Thomas?" I said in amazement. "The one day? I'm afraid you don't play inland golf much?"

"I hardly ever play round London."

"I thought not. Then let me tell you that to-day's was the best day's golf I've had for three weeks."

"Golly!" said Thomas. A. A. M.

## Leaving it to Chance.

"The horse will leave the Curragh for Aintree at the end of the present week. He has not been tried, but is expected to run forward."

Glasgow Herald.

Good-bye to our half-crown if he runs backward.

"The Anopheline Mosquito. For use in schools."—Pioneer.

"Buck up with the mosquito, Smith; I've got it next."



"SHALL WE HAVE CHAMPAGNE OR SOME OTHER WINE?"

"ARE THERE OTHER WINES?"

#### RACIAL ENTHUSIASM.

As a youth at some election permanently strains his throat,  
Cheering in and out of season, though he hasn't got a vote;

As a cockerel shrieks insanely, poised on elongated legs,  
Just because some hens have managed to produce an egg  
(or eggs);

As a crocodile rejoices—no; perhaps I'd better stay,  
Though I could, I ought to mention, warble on like this all  
day—

As, to cut it short, these creatures do the various things  
we've said,

Once a year vicarious ardour nearly drives me off my head.

When we hail (with luck) the sober, tentative approach of  
Spring,

Then the Boat Race, once per annum, stirs me up like  
anything.

Never have I seen the Isis, never paced the banks of Cam,  
Neither helped to mould the genius that undoubtedly I am;

Neither 'Varsity has schooled me; mine, as you perhaps  
might guess,

Was the Board School education, eulogised by G. B. S.;

Yet the fervent Undergraduate, bawling madly at his crew,  
Cannot compass that excitement I, a rank outsider, do.

And I'm Oxford. I have never found the smallest reason  
why,

Save it be that I, when younger, used to wear an Oxford  
tie.

Still, I'm Oxford. I shall bellow, raising most appalling  
dins,

When, upon the 30th instant (Saturday) my fancy wins—

As they won last year, remember. Oh, my heart leaps up  
in me

When I recollect my rapture o'er that famous victory!

How through all the night that followed wild excitement  
kept me warm,

And next day—*i.e.*, the Sunday—when they brought the  
Census form,

Where it ordered (*inter alia*) one's "profession" to be shown,  
Thrilled with genuine pride, I boldly entered *Oxford* as  
my own.

"Capt. Aylmer and R. Drury Davies beat D. Shallow and A. Shallow:  
4-6, 6-3, 7-5. This proved an excellent match, all four players  
sticking to it hard. W. Shallow easily won the first set and Kerr 3-0  
in the second, Aylmer and Davies then gave in and won the remaining  
games."—*Englishman*.

In spite of the varieties of *SHALLOWS* this is too deep for us.

From a business letter:—

"With reference to your esteemed enquiry, for price of making one  
pair of — corsets, we beg to inform you that same will be 15/6, and  
will take about 16 days to get round."

For a stoutish lady, evidently.

"Cristabel Pankhurst has not yet been racked."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

You see, the Government is not so brutal as some women  
make out.



## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—We're just back from Belleplage, a dear little place on the *côte d'azur*, which, so far, we've been able to keep free from tourists and outsiders and all such horrors.

Josiah *would* go with me, and *would* stay all the time, in spite of all my remonstrances. I really think I'm a most *unusual* person to endure all that I have to so wonderfully! Almost I *pleaded* with him not to make me so *cruelly* conspicuous. I pointed out to him that I was the *only* woman at Belleplage with her husband, and that he was the *only* man with his wife,—but all in vain. I said it wasn't *nice* to be so much remarked upon and talked about—but it was no use.

Oh, and another thing! He was simply most *awful* about the scenery and the views and absurd stodgy things of that kind. I've pretty well given him up in despair by this time, but I made one more effort and told him people *don't* talk about the blue sky and the blue sea and the mountains and the palm-groves at these places—they don't even *look* at them. They look at and talk about *each other*, and the *tir aux pigeons*, and the frocks and hats on the Promenade des Flâneurs.

Talking of pigeon-shooting, Beryl Clarges and I both took part in it—the only women admitted to do so. Beryl did more execution than I did, but my rig was much more *voyant*—tall grey kid boots, a short dual skirt of pigeon-grey cloth, with a darling little coat to match, braided with coloured silk braid in a design of wounded pigeons, and a Tyrolese hat and feather.

Josiah said he was "sorry to see me killing the pretty harmless creatures." I said I was sorry too—not because I *was* killing them, but because I *wasn't*! Apropos of which I must tell you a perfectly *sweet* thing the Comte de Chateauvieux, the crack shot there, said to me. I was grizzling at my ill luck with the birds, and he bowed and said: "*Vous avez un tir infallible sur les hommes, madame, si non sur les pigeons!*" Isn't he a darling man? Josiah calls him a "grimacing little ape." If only he had a little of the Count's manner himself!

The honours of the Promenade des

Flâneurs, on the whole, rested with Clytie Vandollarbilt and Sadie Macandrew. *Et pourquoi?* Because, my dear, each of them had brought her whole stock of jewelled shoes with her. It's quite an *art* to learn to walk in shoes with a big diamond set in the tip of each heel, but Clytie has certainly got hold of the diamond-walk very well. They have little portable strong-rooms, in which they keep the shoes

Sadie slightly. "*Mine* turn the scale at half a million!" "Ah, but, my dear," retorted Clytie, with her famous smile, "there's more *room* for jewels on your shoes than on mine, remember!"

People are going in a great deal for physical culture, to prepare themselves for a very strenuous season. A stealthy cat-like grace is to be the correct thing this spring and summer, and most of the new physical exercises try to produce it.

The other day I happened in upon Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, not in calling hours, having something I wanted to say to our dear old juvenile-antique. I went unannounced into the big drawing-room. It was cleared for action, and there was Popsy's maid drawing a paper "mouse" over the floor by a long string, and there was poor old Popsy on all-fours, springing and crouching and pouncing without any transformation or any make-up or any breath to greet me with!

"Laugh away, you wretch," she said, when she could speak; "I don't care! I'm getting on splendidly, aren't I, Suzanne?" "*Mais oui!*" agreed the obsequious maid. "*Miladi joue la chatte à merveille.*"

Another who is intent on getting hold of the correct feline grace is the Bullyon-Bounder-mere woman. She is going in for it so thoroughly that, I hear, she's given up sleeping in a bed, and curls up in a big basket every night!

Babs St. Austin is another of the physical exercise people. Not long ago, she told me with tears that her neck was getting short and her heart was breaking! Her form of exercise is to run round a big room, with acid drops suspended, at intervals, by fine threads a good deal higher than her head. Babs,

her neck stretched to its utmost, jumps for these acid drops as she runs, and tries to take them into her mouth. I saw her yesterday, and she was much perkier—says her neck is already a quarter of an inch longer. She's delighted with the treatment. Its only drawback is the danger of being choked by one of the acid drops. If she escapes this danger, she hopes to have as long a neck as any of us by the time the season begins in earnest.

Only small parties are being given just now, of course, and of these the most popular are "Strike" parties. Just as dancing is beginning we all



STAR TURN AT THE "COLLODEUM."  
THE PERSON WHO DID NOT SEE "THE MIRACLE."

they're not wearing, and these little strong-rooms, if touched by a hand not familiar with their mechanism, fire off a revolver at each corner. Isn't that lovely? There was a good deal of rivalry between Clytie V. and Sadie M., and one day they were vying about their shoes. Clytie's, that day, were of white *suède*—at least she *said* they were white *suède*, but one could see nothing but pearls and diamonds. Sadie's were of pale green silk, with diamond-lace bows and an enormous emerald on the toe of each shoe. Clytie said hers were worth a quarter of a million dollars. "*That all?*" remarked

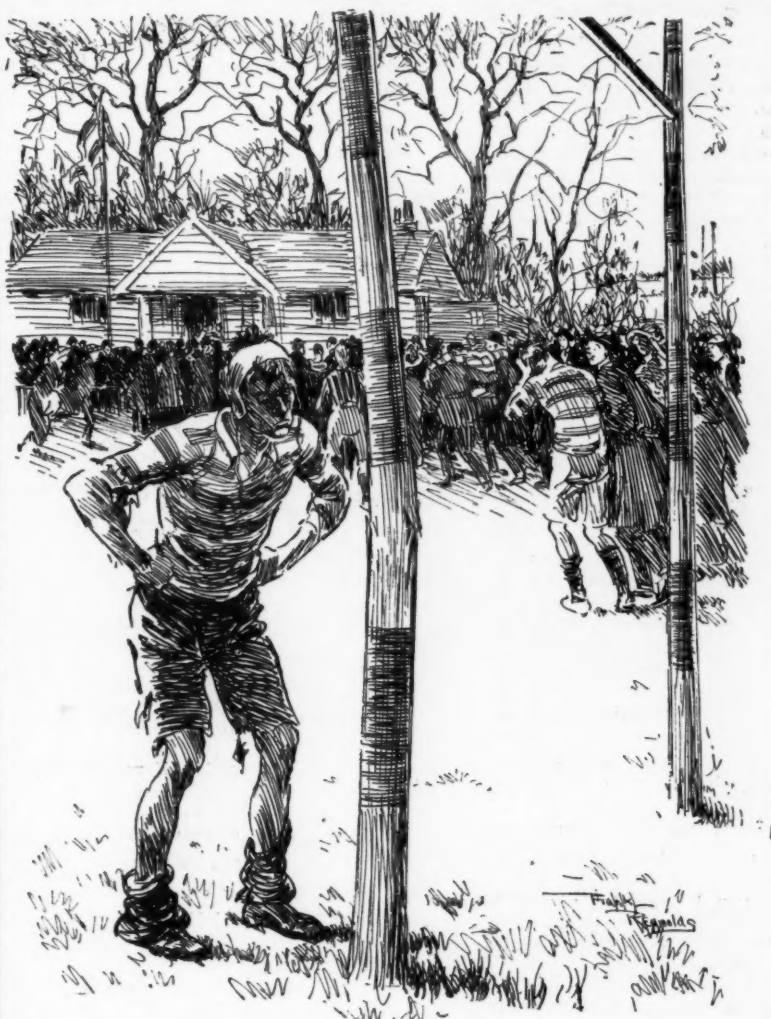


stop, and refuse to dance unless we may do any step we like. The band leaves off playing—there's arbitration and conciliation—and altogether it's quite good fun; and finally we all start off, doing whatever kind of dance we please. The "Minimum," first danced at these "Strike" parties, is now catching on everywhere.

One of the most-talked-of weddings, when Lent is over, will be that of Dickie Sandys, the Ramsgates' girl, to the great scientist, Sir Henry Blinkerton, the man, you know, who discovered that water *wasn't* water, or some frightful thing of that kind.

Dickie's first engagement, you remember, to Billy Foljambe was broken off, and people said her grandmother, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, was to blame—and, indeed, Popsy was engaged to Billy afterwards for a time. Since then Dickie's become a problem-daughter for the old people. She took to spelling Woman with a big W and man with a small m; had digs of her own, and went in for that popular latter-day performance, living her own life, in the course of which she's sometimes been out with the Militants! A Woman with a big W being an almost impossible thing for even the *cleverest* mother to get off her hands, Lady Ramsgate is simply *immensely* relieved at the prospect of the wedding. But, dearest, *doesn't* it seem horribly sad that a girl who began her career with such success as Dickie, should end by marrying a scientific man, and one who owes *everything* to his talents and *nothing at all* to family? (They say Sir Henry began life quite at the bottom of the ladder. Indeed, that he was one of those fearful boys one gets so sick of, who walk from somewhere with bare feet.) Of course it won't be an "Obey" wedding; and I hear that quite a novel note will be introduced by the bridesmaids, carrying dainty little velvet and gilt hammers, which they will hold above the bride's head to form an arch as she goes out. Instead of flowers, broken glass will be strewn before her.

Talking of weddings, quite different arrangements are made for an "Obey" and a "Won't obey" marriage as to gowns, decoration of the church, and the music played. Olga tells me that for an "Obey" wedding she designs quiet gracious submissive gowns, while for a "Won't obey" one she introduces a note of defiance into the sleeve, and the hang of the train means "I acknowledge no master!" She was naturally quite *affligée* at the Hepburn-Dallamont marriage *fiasco* just before Lent. It was to have been a "Won't obey" wedding of the most marked de-



Hon. Treasurer (at the end of the game). "NOW I WONDER WHAT SILLY ASS DID THAT!"

scription, Jane Hepburn being simply enormously advanced, while Jimmy Dallamont is one of the quiet ones who wants nothing but peace with honour! Well, my dear, Olga surpassed herself in the bride's and her maids' "Won't obey" gowns; the church was all done in mauve, green and white, and the organist (Miss Jones, Mus.Doc.) played them in with her famous "Woman's March to Freedom." And then, my Daphne, after all, the bride positively and actually promised to "love, honour and OBEY!" An audible smile went through the packed church, and Miss Jones, Mus.Doc., left the organ-loft in a fury and refused to play another note! The explanation whispered about afterwards was that, the evening before the wedding, Jimmy told Jane

she was welcome to leave out "obey," but in that case *he* would leave out "with all my worldly goods I thee endow"—and this amounts to *something* in Jimmy's case. These quiet ones often have a bit up their sleeve, haven't they? Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

Under the heading "Successful Urmston Protest" we read in *The Manchester Evening News* :—

"The complaints lodged yesterday with the officials of the company were so numerous and so well grounded that they could not be ignored, and this morning the hundreds of Urmston people who were yesterday left behind by the 7.58 train to Manchester were accommodated on an additional train leaving at 8.55."

Twenty-five hours soon go when you have all the automatic machines to play with.



*Breathless Lady (to energetic partner). "GENTLY—MR. HOPKINS—PLEASE—DO REMEMBER—IT'S LENT."*

### THE LYING PROPHET.

[Suggested by a study of the March number of a famous "Medical".]

MANY, I ween, the strike hit hard,  
But none were hurt so much as he,  
The soothsayer, the mystic bard,  
Boder of destiny;

Who built a little tower on trust,  
A gassy fabric breathed from coal,  
And watched it crumble to the dust,  
BRADSHAW, the poor old soul.

*Stop.* As he idly penned the word,  
Little he dreamed how more than true  
His statement was. The engines heard,  
*Stop.* And they did stop too.

"Saturdays only." How serene,  
With what wise calm he used that phrase,  
And now there is no 9.15,  
Sundays or Saturdays.

And here's a page of strife and din  
(It must have been the old man's pet),  
Where, drunk with joy, he squeezes in  
The whole dashed alphabet,

To mark his footnotes. Afternoon  
Or morning now there is no snip;  
Where are the times of yestermoon?  
Where is the Hanwell slip?

And so with all the wiles he planned  
Large output of laborious brains,  
The asterisks, the little hand  
That points to *Other Trains*.

Vain little hand! Enough, enough;  
I will not see page 94;  
Pathetic fragment of a cuff,  
Thou canst not aid me more.

We saunter to the station now  
And seek the casual guard; and say,  
I want to go to Sluff-on-Slough,  
Could you do that to-day?

And if the guard is good and kind  
He tells the man in front to puff,  
And, keeping our request in mind,  
He sets us down at Sluff.

But fallen is the pride of those  
Who knew their BRADSHAW, Perth  
to Tring,  
And jubilant are BRADSHAW's foes,  
Who blessed the blooming thing.

And he himself—a poor wan ghost—  
I see him on some ancient loop,  
The trickiest piece he loved the most,  
His own dumbfounded dupe;

Waiting alone, but ah! for what?  
As the dull leaden hours roll by,  
"I hear her—no, I hear her not,  
Forsaken—BRADSHAW—I!"

At Basingstoke I see him, too,  
Sitting on some deserted seat,  
Or Blisworth Junction, watching  
through-  
Connections fail to meet,

Or where the 6.5 should have stopped  
To set down from beyond Low Moor,  
He hath been marked, as twilight  
dropped,  
By some late roystering boor,

Or underneath some silent arch  
Still lingering for the spark to fall,  
In this tempestuous moon of March  
The wildest soul of all.

EVOC.

"The top picture shows Mr. Asquith. On his immediate left are Lord Morley and Mr. Lloyd George, and on his right can be seen Sir Edward Grey with Lord Morley and Earl Beauchamp. Inset is Lord Morley hastening to join the Belshazzle feast."—*The Throne*.

He certainly got there.

From a letter in *The Daily Mail*:—

"It is for them to cut short this weakness towards the Miners' Federation, with its serpent's head bruising the heel of the community. And why is the latter under its heel?"

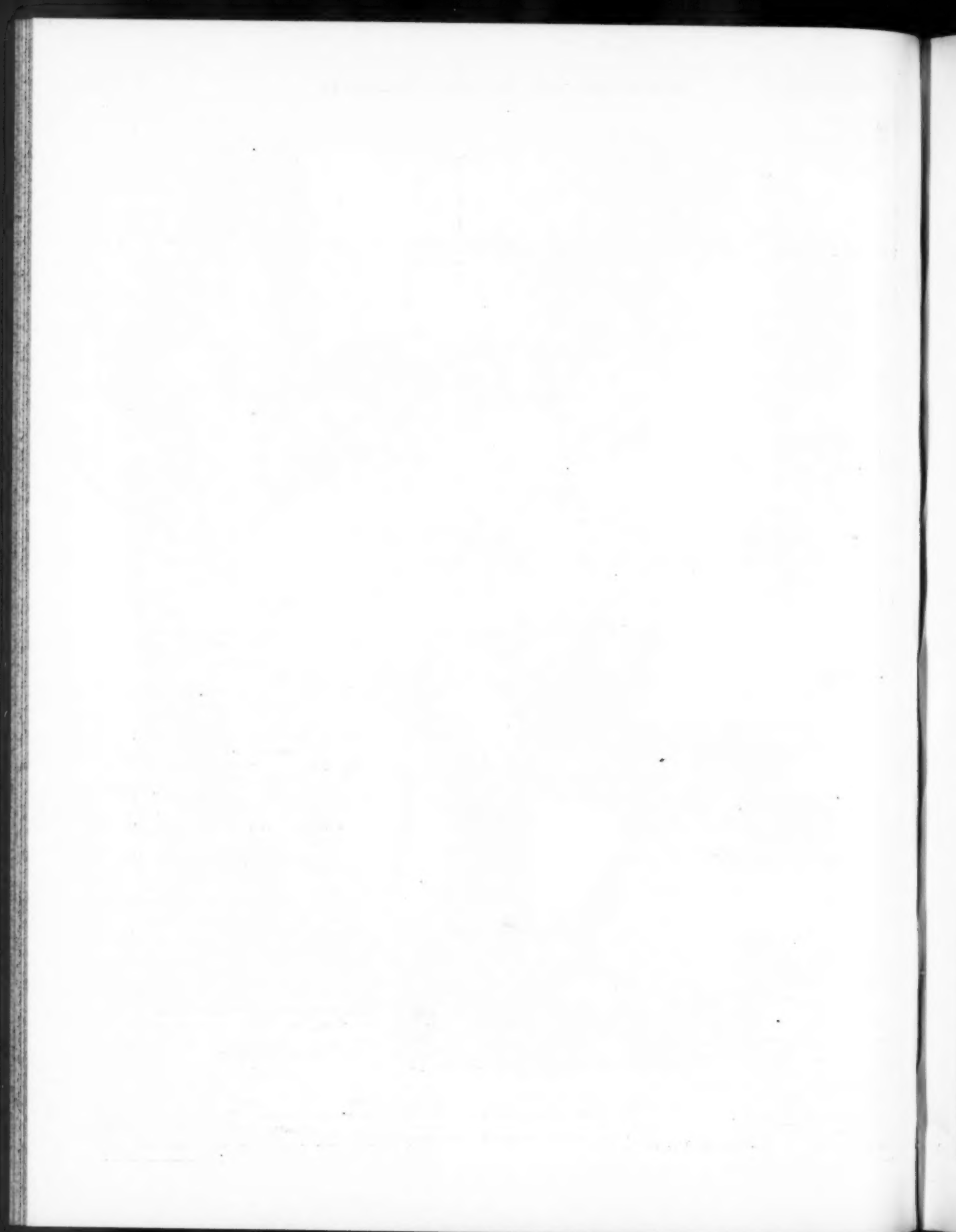
Anyone who has stood on a serpent's head from a position beneath its heel can answer this for us.



### THE FINAL ARBITER.

THE SPECTRE OF FAMINE. "IF YOU CAN'T SETTLE THIS, I WILL."





# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

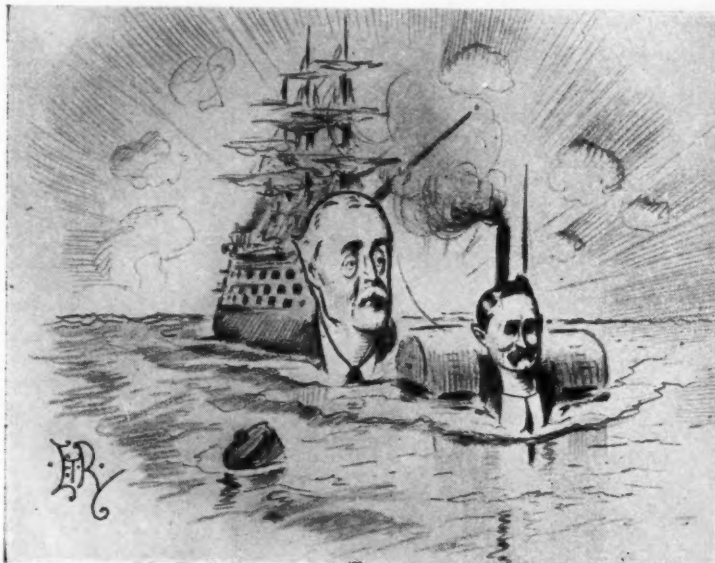
(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 18.—In what is up to now comparatively brief career WINSTON has suffered a marked sea change. He entered political life within the family fold. For sake of his father he was welcomed from both camps. Had he remained under Conservative flag he might to-day have come to be regarded as the rising hope of stern unbending Toryism. True son of his father, he could not be got to run long in harness single or double. PRINCE ARTHUR, not fully recognising possibilities that have since blazed in the political firmament, was perhaps a little short-tempered with the assertive young man. Some of the rank and file were positively rude. However it came about, WINSTON, smarting under crowning insult when the Ministerialists of the day greeted his rising by walking out of the House, one day strolled over to opposite camp and there remains.

When, after brief interval, his old friends and companions dear found him seated on Treasury Bench they determined to make it hot for him. Disposition took Parliamentary form of pelting him with supplementary questions and greeting passages of his speeches with derisive noises. WINSTON went his way apparently regardless. He may have felt the arrow points; he never flinched. Sympathised with in the matter of annoyance at Question time, he protested that he rather liked it; found it useful practice in art of readiness of fence.

His indifference being disappointing, and little got out of him in the way of self-committal, the practice gradually fell off; it has now ceased. Nevertheless there remains, as in analogous cases, notably that of DON JOSÉ, a spirit of vexation among former comrades, the sharper when tinged with regret at loss of so brilliant a recruit.

To-day, with kaleidoscopic movement peculiar to House, the WANTON



"THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE" BROUGHT OUT AGAIN!

A memory of TURNER, which would seem to indicate that even "Pre-Dreadnoughts" have their uses.

(Mr. BALFOUR, with characteristic patriotism and disregard of all petty emotions, comes back into the fighting line.)

WINSTON finds himself object of unqualified applause from Benches opposite. As in lucid speech, built up with



"More bouquets and wreaths! Really, most gratifying! This popularity is almost embarrassing!! How pleased Lloyd George will be!!"

forceful phrases, he expounds his scheme of Navy Reform and Maintenance, gentlemen opposite are surprised into a cheer. Encouraging effect slightly chilled by ominous silence on Ministerial Benches below Gangway where sit the Labour Party. Also, faithful breast of CHARLIE BERESFORD disturbed by what he regards as unnecessary challenge to neighbouring Power.

"Why drag in Germany?" he asks, reminiscent of WHISTLER and VELASQUEZ.

WINSTON doesn't mind if his words are distasteful to a section of his own Party. The most amiable of men

can't please everybody. As for CHARLIE B., when presently, in course of his speech, he made frequent reference to Germany, WINSTON raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders and murmured, "Et tu, Charlie?"

His plan of Naval defence summed up in memorable sentence. "We must," he said, "always be ready to meet at our average moment anything that any possible enemy might hurl against us at his selected moment."

Business done.—First Lord submits Naval Estimates for the year. Received with plaudits by Opposition; listened to in ominous silence below Gangway on Ministerial side.

Tuesday.—House presented crowded appearance seen only once or twice in a session. Noble Lords rushed in and fought for seats as if they were mere pittites at door of His Majesty's Theatre. Foreign Ministers crowded their allotted bench. Tier on tier rose lines of "Strangers" beaming with satisfaction at their good luck. Every seat on floor of House appropriated, late comers found uneasy resting-place on Gangway steps. A group stood by the Bar. Double rows of Members filled both side galleries.

Expectation raised high by promise of introduction of Bill dealing with Coal Strike. Great opportunity for ambitious orator. Occasion a National crisis; splendid audience within sound of voice, and all the world listening at



THE BADGER AND THE BUTTERFLY—AN UNEQUAL CONTEST.

Mr. McCALLUM SCOTT, in "dour" earnest and without a vestige of humour, is entirely obfuscated by the light and airy playfulness of the Colonial Secretary (Mr. LULU HARCOURT).

the door. ASQUITH, as usual, concerned exclusively with business in hand. His task was to justify action of Ministers during past fortnight; to lament failure of mediatory procedure; to expound consequent legislative proposals, and to recommend them to approval. Spoke for fifty minutes: something beyond his average length. Skipped exordium, dispensed with peroration. Did not angle for cheers. Certainly caught none. Lack of animation on part of speaker, absence of enthusiasm among audience, acted and reacted with result decidedly dull.

BONNER LAW promptly following was, on rising, greeted with a cheer from loyal followers, repeated when he expressed doubt of Ministerial measure. Silence fell when, from time to time, he hedged, protesting absence of desire to snatch Party advantage out of National predicament. In one respect the speech a marvel whose freshness never palls. PREMIER had carefully prepared his address, bringing voluminous notes, to which he constantly referred. BONNER made no notes during its delivery nor did he carry with him to table a scrap of paper.

Has almost succeeded in mastering a little mannerism to which, at outset of his Leadership, a friendly pen called attention. Unencumbered by manuscript, he did not quite know what to do with his hands. So he put them in his trousers' pocket, pre-

sending to listening Senate an attitude not exactly graceful. At opening of speech to-day, leaning elbows on the brass-bound box, he clutched the other rim with both hands. Not being birds, as Sir BOYLE ROCHE remarked in another connection, as long as they were kept in this position they couldn't be in trouser pockets. Force of habit not overcome in course of a few weeks. Pretty to see how when BONNER was intent on pursuing his argument, the hands, unconsciously unloosed, strayed back towards their nest. Occasionally they found it. But BONNER was resolute. Straightway hauled them forth and laid them out on box again.

Perhaps this little distraction accounted for amazing maladroitness of speech. So many unnecessary things were said bogging LEADER OF OPPOSITION more hopelessly than his historic "Certainly." Or was it due to absence of steadying notes? However it be, Labour Members, quick to see opportunity, by frequent interposition of questions, led BONNER into pitfalls which one with briefer Parliamentary experience and lesser gifts of speech might easily have avoided.

Low down on Front Opposition Bench, a quarter affected by Parliamentary Monarchs retired from business, sat PRINCE ARTHUR intently listening. Would give more than twopence for his thoughts about speech of successor in Leadership.

*Business done.*—Coal Mines Bill,

embodying principle of minimum wage, brought in. First Reading agreed to without division.

*Friday.*—Man's inhumanity to woman, which makes countless thousands mourn, illustrated afresh. Good luck at ballot-box attending that *preux chevalier* AGG-GARDNER, to-day was early in Session set apart for Second Reading of the measure called the Conciliation Bill because it does not fully meet the views of any section of Woman's Suffrage Party. Everything was prepared, including sheaf of speeches. Even when urgency of Coal Strike made necessary immediate legislative action PREMIER left untouched the Rights of Woman to to-day's sitting. In order to keep the pledge it was proposed that Coal Mines Bill should be rushed through so that it might leave the Commons last night.

Arrangement embodied in PREMIER's Resolution dealing with business of the week. Enter LEADER OF OPPOSITION with demand for day's interval between Introduction and Second Reading.

"What," he scornfully asked, "has the House of Commons to do with either promoters or opponents of Conciliation Bill?"

PREMIER struggled for some time against pressure thus brought to bear upon him. Personally desirous of



Admiral (of the Blue) ALAN BURGOYNE graciously acknowledges, across the floor of the House, the distinguished services of Admiral CHURCHILL.

(WINSTON finds himself object of unqualified applause from Benches opposite.)





*Suffragette.* "I DEFY ANYONE TO NAME A FIELD OF ENDEAVOUR IN WHICH MEN DO NOT RECEIVE MORE CONSIDERATION THAN WOMEN!"  
*Voice from Crowd.* "WHAT ABOUT THE BALLY BALLET?"

having question submitted to House at earliest possible moment. Every day that passes minimises effect of Suffragette outrage, more effective than ordered speech in spoiling chances of any measure giving votes to women. Sense of House however with BONNER. Woman's opportunity meanly filched with promise of restoration by-and-by.

*Business done.*—Coal Mines Bill dealt with in Committee.

#### COURT SITTING.

[An essay in Bill-Sikeology, after the emotional method of *The Daily Graphic*.]

A HUSH fell on the assembled company. A man who was eating an orange let it fall noisily to the floor. Through the doors at the further end of the court entered a stalwart figure. The air at once became electric. For it was William Sikes, labourer, charged with violence towards the woman he had made his wife. He was between two warders; advancing, amid a tense silence, towards the dock. As one

looked at him one could not but admire the man. Standing there in the splendour of his muscular prime, his mighty veined hands clasped in a quiescent pose, his great strength balanced in an attitude of dogged indifference, he forced upon the most casual observer a profound train of reflection—reflections on the grandeur of intellect subdued to sinew, of mind merged in mass.

This man, with the far-off look in his vitreous eyes, cast upon me that unspeakable glamour of the criminal classes. I felt that he was a Power, a Prime Cause. His presence in the crowded room made other men appear small. The personality of magistrate and clerk faded before this son of untamed Nature. I mused, as I felt that all around me must be musing, upon what this creature might have been. The soul is the plaything of its environment. And yet what petty man-made charge was this brought against him? "Beating his wife."

So it was written on the charge-sheet, in all the narrowness of conventional phrasing! How pitifully inadequate we felt the phrase to be! What life-forces yet unsounded lie behind each common act! The woman perhaps had betrayed him by a sympathy too restricted for the needs of this massive, primal, tree-like being. And was no voice to be raised now to plead indulgence for those vagaries which are surely Nature's own? . . . As the judge passed sentence and William Sikes puckered his mouth at the relentless verdict, I sat motionless under the spell of a masterful personality. Three months with hard labour. . . . Outside the court could be heard the ruffled roll of vehicles, the swish and rumble of taxi-cabs. Newsboys were shouting their final scores. And William Sikes passed slowly, with confident step, through those dark swinging doors—a son of toil going forth undaunted to his labour.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "MILESTONES."

THE three Acts of *Milestones* are dated 1860, 1885 and 1912. Of these three periods I can only claim to know the last intimately. I do not regret it; for this play by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT and Mr. EDWARD KNOBLAUCH leaves me quite contented to belong to the twentieth century. Superior as I think the clothes, the hairdressing, the furnishing, and other outward arts of 1912 to those of 1885 or 1860, my evening at the Royalty convinced me that the present day showed a still greater superiority in the matter of playwriting. Could anything so good as *Milestones* have come out of 1885 or 1860? Whether it could or not, it certainly didn't.

Of course, a dramatist writing in 1912 of events which happened in 1860 can get considerable advantage from his later knowledge. When *John Rhead* and *Samuel Sibley*, partners in an iron works, quarrel over *John's* vision of a future in which iron ships take the place of wooden, the scene is the more effective from the fact that the audience knows what the future holds. But this knowledge must be used with care. It would not be fair to hold up to mockery every bit of old Toryism which has gone wrong. The 1906 remarks of the most progressive of us about aeroplanes could be laughed at in a 1916 farce. In this respect the authors show a proper restraint, they do not work for the cheap laugh. The lesson that they are out to teach is not that times change, but that human nature remains much the same through it all.

One might almost call *Milestones* another "lesson for fathers." It shows two families growing from youth to old age; but the dominating figure throughout is *John Rhead*. I think the middle-aged and old would do well to study the development of *Rhead*; it would help them to realise that inasmuch as they are at odds with the youth of to-day they are at odds with their own youth of years ago.

The acting was masterly all through. The players were put to an unusually difficult test; they had to represent two, or in some cases three different people who were yet the same person. Mr. DENNIS EADIE and Miss HAIDÉE WRIGHT in particular gave remarkable performances. Miss EVELYN WEEDEN only appeared in two Acts. She was the image of a DU MAURIER girl in 1885, and quite the modern mother in 1912. In both scenes she acted finely. But, indeed, all the acting was good; 1912 has nothing to learn from any other year about that.

My heartiest thanks to the authors for writing and to Messrs. VEDRENNE and EADIE for producing this play.

A new curtain-raiser at the Haymarket gave wiser people than myself an excuse for seeing *Buntly Pulls the Strings* for the 300th time. I took the opportunity of seeing it for the first time. If there is anybody else in London or the provinces as careless of true art and humour as I had shown myself to be up to last Tuesday, then let him take warning from this. I fear I have neglected *Buntly* too long to have any right to praise her now, but I should be very sorry not



*John Rhead* (the eldest). "Fine fellows, but nothing like what I was at their age."

The Three *John Rheads* ... Mr. DENNIS EADIE.

to have dropped my mite into the overflowing plate which *Weelum* holds for her. So let me just say that she and her friends gave me the happiest evening I have ever spent in a theatre.

M.

## THE SPRING PURVEYOR.

You may not have observed it, but Spring has not come this year. I ignore your boastings about your gardens. I maintain that a glance at your daily paper will show you that spring is not here. Are the robins building in pillar-boxes? Are the hop-shoots growing at the rate of six inches per day? Where is the tree-pipit? And the reed-bunting? You surely have missed the reed-bunting! What has become of the barred umber moth? Is the toothwort in flower? Has the mole-cricket churred?

You must admit that you don't know. Why? Because the coal-strike has crowded me out. There is no room for the purveyor of spring. For years I have heralded to you the coming of the cheerful season. You must have read

hundreds of my bright little pars about the reed-bunting as you whirled through the Tube to business. How often have you read in March, "Walking in my garden this evening I was delighted to hear the cheerful churring of the mole-cricket—surest sign of the advent of Spring." You shared my uncertainty as to whether the mole-cricket were bird, beast or insect, but you must admit that little par gave you a whiff of the country and made you think about buying a new straw hat.

And now the editors send back the tree-pipit, the barred umber moth, and even the reed-bunting (this is the unkindest cut of all, for the reed-bunting has paid my rates for years), and demand something topical. I am reduced to this lamentable style of nature note:—

## THE STRIKE IN THE COUNTRY.

Residents in the Fen districts view the prospect of a coal shortage with comparative calm. Acres of dry reeds—the choice resorts of the reed-bunting—are being cut, and, after being stacked for a time, make an excellent household fuel.

One is uncertain whether to attribute to the prevalent labour unrest the fact, vouched for by more than one naturalist, that the neck of the wry-neck is wryer than ever this season.

New varieties of fuel are in great request, and more than one naturalist has suggested that the oil-beetle (*Carabus*), so common in country lanes at this season, might be used for heating purposes. Provided that a sufficient quantity could be obtained there is no doubt that the oil in this variety of beetle would possess excellent burning qualities.

The growth of the hop-shoots in my garden—one increased 5·432 inches yesterday—reminds one that refuse hops treated with 3 per cent. of their weight in petroleum make a very hot fuel, suitable for bakers' ovens.

The churring of the mole-cricket as it burrows in the ground—surest sign of the advent of spring—makes one hope that we shall soon hear the cheerful song of the miner as he proceeds to his underground burrowing. [Perhaps a little far-fetched, but the mole-cricket has been a faithful friend to me for so long, and I will not desert him in his hour of trial.] The destruction of a large number of old pollard trees for fuel in the country districts makes one doubt whether the tree-pipits will find sufficient building accommodation. It would indeed be one of the saddest results of the industrial unrest if it resulted in the destruction of this most interesting species.



Sportsman (who has been discussing with lady the question of bravery in the hunting-field). "NOW SUPPOSING YOU WERE ALONE WITH HOUNDS, WOULD YOU 'TAKE ON' A PLACE LIKE THAT?"

Lady. "WELL—I WOULD—IF THERE WAS ANOTHER WOMAN THERE."

[And profitable species. Anyone can write about a thrush, but it takes an authority to do justice to the tree-pipit.]

The removal of the smoke-cloud which usually hangs over the Northern industrial districts has had a curious effect on insect life. Several naturalists report that the barred umber moth in these localities is distinctly lighter in colour this year.

And the tooth-wort—

But I could not drag the tooth-wort in. And that is the real motive of this article—to reassure the anxious public. The tooth-wort is flowering or laying its eggs or digging its burrow precisely as usual.

From "Books Received" in *The Law Times*:—

"Adam on Woman and Crime."

Well, he ought to know.

A "well-known member of the House of Commons" writes to *The Standard*:

"The walrus in Gilbert's famous 'Bab Ballad' is said to have 'deeply sympathised' with the oysters."

We deeply sympathise with the M.P. who has never heard of LEWIS CARROLL.

#### THE GARDENER'S CAT.

THE gardener's cat's called Mignonette, She hates the cold, she hates the wet, She sits among the hothouse flowers And sleeps for hours and hours and hours.

She dreams she is a tiger fierce With great majestic claws that pierce, She sits by the hot-water pipes And dreams about a coat of stripes;

And in her slumbers she will go And stalk the sullen buffalo, And when he roars across the brake She does not wink, she does not wake.

It must be perfectly immense To dream with such magnificence, And pass the most inclement day In this indeed stupendous way.

She dreams of India's sunny clime, And only wakes at dinner-time, And even then she does not stir But waits till milk is brought to her.

How nice to be the gardener's cat, She troubles not for mouse or rat, But, when it's coming down in streams, She sits among the flowers and dreams.

The gardener's cat would be the thing, Her dreams are so encouraging; She dreams that she's a tiger, yet She's just a cat called Mignonette!

\* \* \* \* \*

The moral's this, my little man— Sleep 'neath life's hailstones when you can, And, if you're humble in estate, Dream splendidly, at any rate!

A Dutch nurseryman has been getting £23 a bulb for a new gladiolus. He now spells it Glad Eye.

"Mr. Edward V. Wilber is at Shephard's after a two months trip to the Soudan and Upper Egypt. He sees a great improvement in Egypt since his last visit in 1904, finds hotels better here than on the Riviera in Europe and as good as Palm Beach, Florida. Finds climate here better, and the tourists and travellers one meets are more intelligent, brighter, greater students, than any Winter resort elsewhere. He predicts a great future for Egypt under Lord Kitchener and H.H. the Khedive. He sails for England March 18th by the S.S. *Arabia*."

*Egyptian Morning News.*

It is a fateful week for England. We hope he will not be disappointed with us.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is the genial calm of Mr. W. E. NORRIS that has made me his Constant Reader. He refuses to get excited. He devises situations which would make the Brothers MELVILLE leap about screaming with joy; and, instead of holding them and hammering them into the reader, dismisses them in a few easy sentences and goes on quietly with his story. The effect of this restraint is delightfully soothing. After some of the books I have been reading lately, *Paul's Paragon* (CONSTABLE) fell upon my senses like summer dew. All the materials are there for a melodrama. A supposedly dead father returns to life and is wiped out by an earthquake; a husband discovers the hero in his wife's company in thoroughly compromising circumstances; the heroine, engaged to another, suddenly finds that she loves the hero; a swindler, after seventeen years, meets his dupe, and is unmasked. Yet not once is Mr. NORRIS thrown out of his easy stride. He declines to become cheap. I have hardly ever read a review of any of Mr. NORRIS's books in which the adjective "polished" did not occur, and I cannot keep it out of this one. *Paul's Paragon* is polished. The characters are built up with an effortless skill that makes them living men and women. There are no crudities. His hero has faults, and the nearest approach to a villain, the hero's father, has virtues. And so with all the other characters. They act naturally and they talk naturally. Even about the earthquake there is a well-bred air, as if it had been at a public school.

In taking a "select" coaching establishment near Geneva for the scene of her story, Miss ALEXANDRA WATSON has—as far as I know—struck new ground. *Denham's* (SMITH, ELDER) is, at any rate, a variation of the ordinary school story, and, instead of seeing the hero piling up centuries and kicking an incredible number of goals, we actually find him thinking more about his career than about athletics. *Ronald Lewis* was under a cloud when he went to Denham's, for *Denham* himself was the snobbiest of snobs, and *Ronald* was admitted on reduced terms. How the hero battled against his troubles and ultimately conquered them is told with a clear perception of both the joy and the pathos of boyhood. In fact, I would praise this tale without reserve if I could believe in the master, *Mr. Price*, who exercised such an extraordinary influence over his pupils; but *Mr. Price* is more than I can swallow without protest. When he found a boy with a pain from eating too many grapes he said drily, "I won't improve the occasion. Gluttony brings its own punishment. . . . It's strange that some people invariably interpret freedom as a permission to make beasts of themselves." What this boy really wanted was not trite maxims but something like essence of ginger.

Among the more modest philosophic observers of life of to-day none has for foibles a quicker eye than Captain HARRY GRAHAM or a more ingratiating and tolerant way of recording them. As a general rule he sets forth his discoveries in verse (Thalia and the Army having ever been on terms), but his new book, which is a very mine of social satire, is in prose—*The Perfect Gentleman* (ARNOLD), with pictures by Mr. LEWIS BAUMER. In this work most of the humours of male life in leisured circles are touched off, with here and there a truism that is none the less forcible for having occurred independently to the reader, although he had not the wit to set it down; as thus, "The social etiquette of sea-bathing demands that the first person to enter the vasty deep shall take a quite disproportionately optimistic view of the temperature of the water."

Their cigarettes were poised in their shapely hands, their glances were ominous and their gestures sinister, their fingers twitched convulsively, and now and then they murdered each other; for the most part, however, their faces wore inscrutable expressions. So much for the men in *Anton of the Alps* (METHUEN). The ladies were only two in number, but what they lacked in quantity they made up in quality, for they were overpoweringly beautiful, and ready, upon an instant's notice, to love with a burning passion that should never falter. The splendid *Catrina* was, I admit, a little credulous towards the end, and allowed herself to be put off her climax of love by such an unauthenticated report of *Richard St. Aubyn's* past as her lifelong association with liars and assassins should have taught her either to disbelieve or to overlook. But no doubt her nerves had been shaken by the breathless and dastardly incidents of the previous three hundred pages. Certainly mine were, and yet it was impossible to pause for a moment and calm oneself. I do not quarrel with Mr. W. VICTOR COOK for the manner of his story. My complaint is that, having done with the schemes and plots and hairbreadth escapes of the young and irresistible Englishman abroad, I find the life I have to live at home so complex, by contrast, and yet so lukewarm, so devoid of elemental passions, and, all the present crises notwithstanding, so monotonous.



BIOGRAPHICAL BY-WAYS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS LEARNS THE EGG-TRICK FROM HIS GRANDMOTHER.

## "CARNIVAL AT MICAREME."

Micareme.—The annual festivities took place yesterday.

Cunard Daily Bulletin.

We would have gone there for them if the little town had not been so full.

"Owner only selling to buy heavy twin for sidecar. No offers."

Advt. in "Motor Cycle."

If the gentleman will tell us his age, we will look out for one for him.